

## The Mischievous Twins and What Happened to Them.

LOUIS and Louise Paget were twins and lived in Canada. Their sister Rhoda was four years older than they were, so when they were five years old she was nine.

The twins could spell only a few little words with their alphabet blocks; but they learned many things from Rhoda in their talks and their games. Some little mounds in the garden were called mountains, and the children sometimes built tiny cities of bits of wood or small stones on the side of their mountain and then poured down streams of mud, which they called "lava," to bury their cities. Once when Rhoda was with them their mother allowed them to have fire on top of their mountain, so it would appear to be a real eruption from the crater of a volcano.

One day the mother drove to town and left Louis and Louise with Mary, the hired girl. A friend of Mary's came to visit her, and she thought no more

about the twins. So when Louis told his sister that it would be fun to put some gunpowder on their mountain and make the sticks and stones fly up into the air, there was no one near to warn them of the danger. Louis found some gunpowder in his father's closet. He knew it was not safe to go near the powder when the fire touched it, so he walked away till the end of the long lighted stick just reached the powder. There was a loud noise, the wood and stones flew into the air, something flashed before the little boy's eyes, and for some time he did not remember anything more.

When Louis came to himself he was lying on a sofa in the parlor, his head was bandaged, and Louise and the servants were crying. Part of his curly hair had been burned off, and nearly all of one eyebrow, and his face was very painful.

When the father and mother came home that evening they were met at the gate by two very funny looking little creatures—a little boy with his head and face bound up, and a little girl with part of her hair and one eyebrow cut off.

"Oh, mudder, fadder!" cried Louise. "I did have to cut it off. The fire on the mountain burned it off Louis, and we are twins, and I cut off mine so Louis would not be lonely."

But the twins could not keep out of mischief, and as soon as her brother's face was well enough to permit the bandages to be taken off, Louise got some black paints and painted an eyebrow on him. Then he did the same for her. When they went to the parlor they found a number of ladies there who had come to spend the afternoon with their mother. "Oh, children! what have you been doing?" cried Mrs. Paget. The ladies could not help laughing, and Louise ran and hid her face in her mother's lap.

A few weeks later when the eyebrows were beginning to grow, Louis did not come to dinner when the bell rang.

"I remember," said Louise, "he said he was going to look for eggs in the barn."

Donald was sent to search the barn. After a while he heard a cry. He went round to the far side, and there he saw Louis flat on the ground, wedged fast. The upper part of his body was hidden, but his little fat legs wriggled about in a most distressing way.

"What made you go under there, Master Louis?" asked the old man.

"My bantum went under to lay eggs, and I thought the hole would fit me; and oh, Donald, my mouf is full of dust. I can't breathe."

"He must be sawed out," said Mr. Paget, who, with the rest of the family, had arrived on the scene.

"No, no, no," cried Louis; "mudder, don't let me be sawed up. I don't want to go to heaven in two pieces, 'cause, mudder, you wouldn't know me then."

The men began to saw, but presently Louis cried: "Stop, stop! I want to speak to mudder. It's a secret!"

"Oh, mudder," he said, in a smothered tone, "I'm squeezed out so flat I'm afraid when they get me loose I will never come a wight shape again; and, mudder, if I dwag along close by the ground, and look like a dachshund, will you love me as if I was your own little boy?"

"I shall always love you, Louis," she answered, "no matter how you look. don't be afraid; you won't be squeezed flat."

Not long after that the board was cut out, and Louis was free.



Louis Plays with Gunpowder.

## Woolly Tot's Adventure With the Kangaroo.

WOOLLY TOT lived in Australia, the largest island in the world. Woolly lived with her father away back in the country upon a cattle farm, where her papa had thousands and thousands of sheep and lambs. And he had a number of horses at the ranch, and Woolly had a little pony of her own called Billy. Billy loved to go galloping across the fields with Woolly Tot upon his back.

Woolly had still another pet besides her pony. It was Wanga Walla, a bushman. These bushmen are small in stature (just about the same height as your brother whose next birthday is his fifteenth) and have black skins. They are almost like a negro, except that their hair is long and thick. They are the natives of Australia, just as the Indians are the native race of our own land.

There are no slaves in Australia. Wanga Walla was a free man. But he had been employed by her father for many years, and had always shown the greatest interest in her as a baby. Now that she had grown up to be quite a little girl, he spent all his spare time with her, and saw to it that she should have lots of fun without running into danger.

One day little Woolly Tot took her best loved doll and, mounting upon Billy's saddle, trotted over to a pretty valley, where there were all kinds of beautiful wild flowers. Wanga Walla was busy watering the sheep, and so could not accompany her, but he called after her that as soon as he had finished he would follow and show her where the mounted policeman saved her father's life.

When Billy came to the valley where the flowers grew, Woolly fastened him to a gum tree, and taking only her doll, Mary Jane, with her, walked in among the long grass and flowered trees.

After a time she grew tired of her playing. Everything was so still, and the drowsy hum of the bees so alluring, that she curled up at the foot of a big tree and went to sleep. Suddenly she woke up, and there was one of the prettiest little creatures you ever saw sitting in her lap and looking at her. It was a baby kangaroo. A kangaroo is an animal that is found only in Australia. It is like an immense rabbit, a rabbit as big as a small cow. It can run very fast by jumping. When at rest it stands up on its hind legs, almost like a man. It is different from all other animals in that it has a kind of bag in its stomach, in which it carries its little ones when they are in danger. It was one of these cute little kangaroo babies which sat complacently upon Woolly Tot's lap when she awoke; and there, some feet away, was its mother, almost broken-hearted at the waywardness of her bold little one. Woolly was not at all frightened when she saw the



Woolly Tot and the Kangaroo.

But while all this was happening a small, dark form came creeping through the grass, close up to where Woolly sat. "Me here, missy," said Wanga Walla, very softly—for it was the bushman, Wanga Walla, who came creeping up. "You lay still and Wanga Walla will kill kangaroo and we have um for dinner." And as he spoke the native got ready his boomerang—a curved piece of hard wood which is used by the natives with great skill.

But Little Woolly Tot's heart was touched by the gentleness of the mother kangaroo, and before Wanga Walla could stop her, she ran right up to the mother and placed the little one with the others. Then she cried in a loud voice: "Run, run away, Mrs. Kangaroo, and take all your children with you; Wanga Walla is going to try and kill you for dinner!"

Whether the kangaroo understood or not, I do not know, but at any rate she did exactly as she was told, and before Wanga Walla could throw his boomerang the kangaroo caught up all her little ones, placed them in the sack at her stomach and leaped away into the woods.

She little one, being the guest of her grandma, had been liberally feasted, when a second dish of pudding came on.

Looking at the steaming dish, she exclaimed, with a sigh:

"Gran'ma, I wish I was twins."

## THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER

"Hello! may I take your photograph?"  
I called to the MAN-in-the-MOON,  
"Why, certainly," he gaily said.  
"But I think you've come too soon."

"My profile is not very fine, you know,  
And my features look so thin,  
For my nose is really very long  
And very sharp my chin."

"So you'd better wait for a week,"  
"As then I'll turn around  
And I'll wager a prettier picture  
Will seldom e'er be found."

